

MARVEL



#1



JEN
BAR
TEL

**RAINBOW ROWELL
ROGE ANTONIO
RICO RENZI**

David Anthony Kraft
1952 - 2021



**“A bon vivant
and raconteur
extraordinaire”**

Jennifer Walters was a shy attorney, good at her job and quiet in her life, when she was gunned down by criminals. A gamma-irradiated blood transfusion from her cousin, Dr. Bruce Banner, A.K.A. the Incredible Hulk, didn't just give her a second chance at life, but also super-strength and bulletproof green skin--and unbelievably gorgeous hair. She is the Sensational...

She- HULK

Previously...

She's been in the Fantastic Four. She's been an Avenger. She's had the powers of a Celestial. But all that's over. So, now what?

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JEN
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JENNIFER WALTERS,
SHE-HULK.
Former attorney.

I hate
starting
over.

I was supposed to be
further along by now.
I was supposed to
have something to
show for myself...

Something other than a
stack of expired Avengers
I.D. cards and a ring of keys
that don't go to anything.
(I think at least two are
for Fantasti-Cars...)

I always thought I'd
make partner by
now. Or maybe that
I'd have a practice
of my own.

I at *least*
thought I'd
have my own
apartment...

Hey.
Tiny.



**MARY MacPHERRAN,
TITANIA.**
Former super villain.

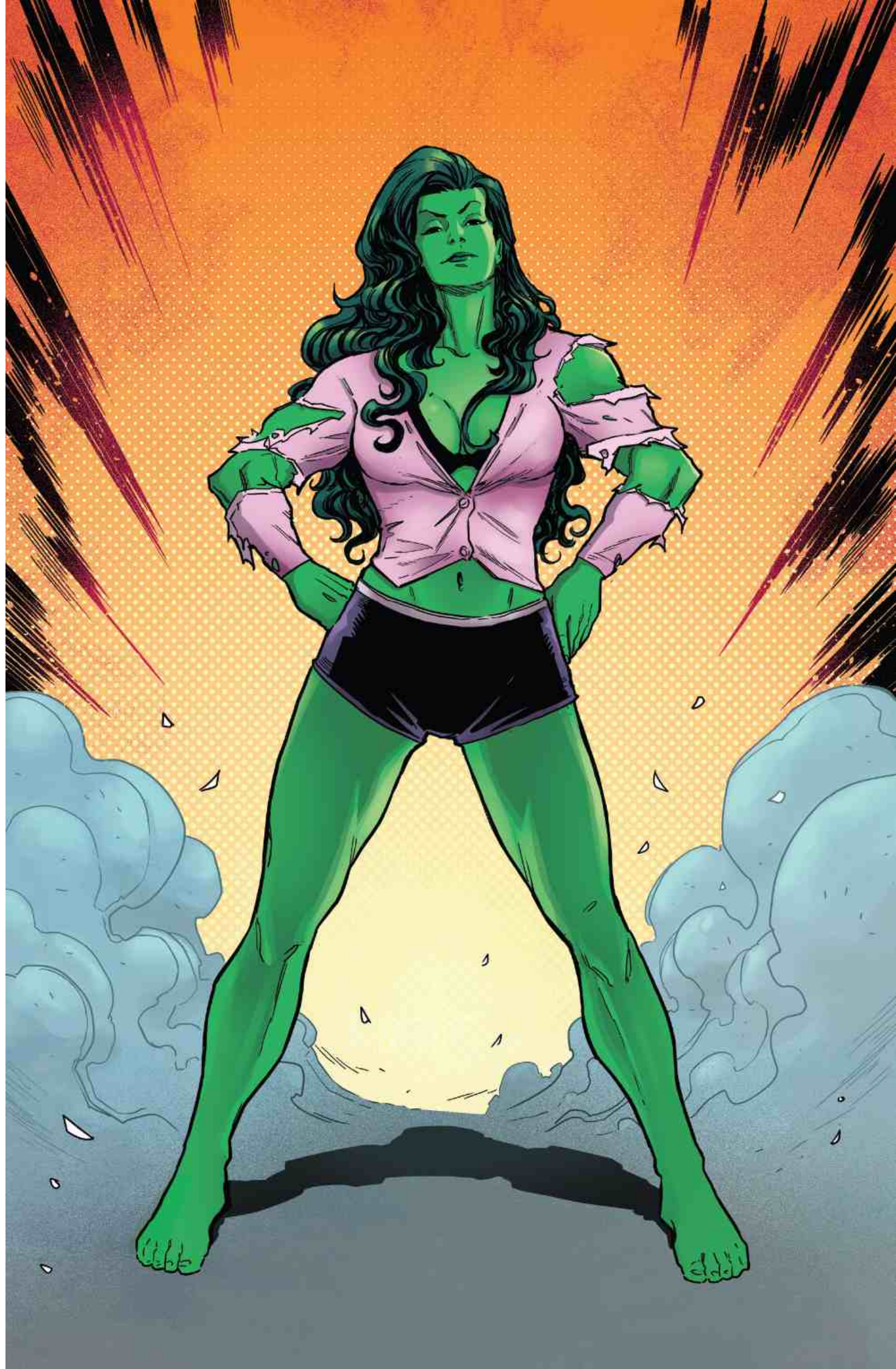
Can your
big green
friend come out
to play?















Yeah, but
it felt pretty
good in the
moment.



It *always*
feels
pretty good,
Walters.



Mixing it up with
you is the only
time I get to
cut loose!



WFF



Are you
still married,
Mary?







I wouldn't throw it away.

This is really confusing.

I feel like you're doing your usual patronizing BS...

But I *also* feel really sorry for you all of a sudden.



Are we done here, Mary? Did you get your endorphin hit?



You know the rules: We're not done until one of us can't get up.

Maybe we could *change* the rules...



What does that mean?

I mean-- change the rules of engagement. What if I *didn't* incapacitate you? What if I *didn't* send you to jail?

I incapacitate *you* sometimes...

But what if you *didn't*?



The truth is, I like fighting you, too.



You do?



Yeah.

There aren't many people I can hit with a telephone pole without feeling guilty about it.



So, you're suggesting...

Let's just fight. I'll meet you in a vacant lot or something. We can blow off some steam.

You'd do that for me?

It's for me, too.







CHELSEA.

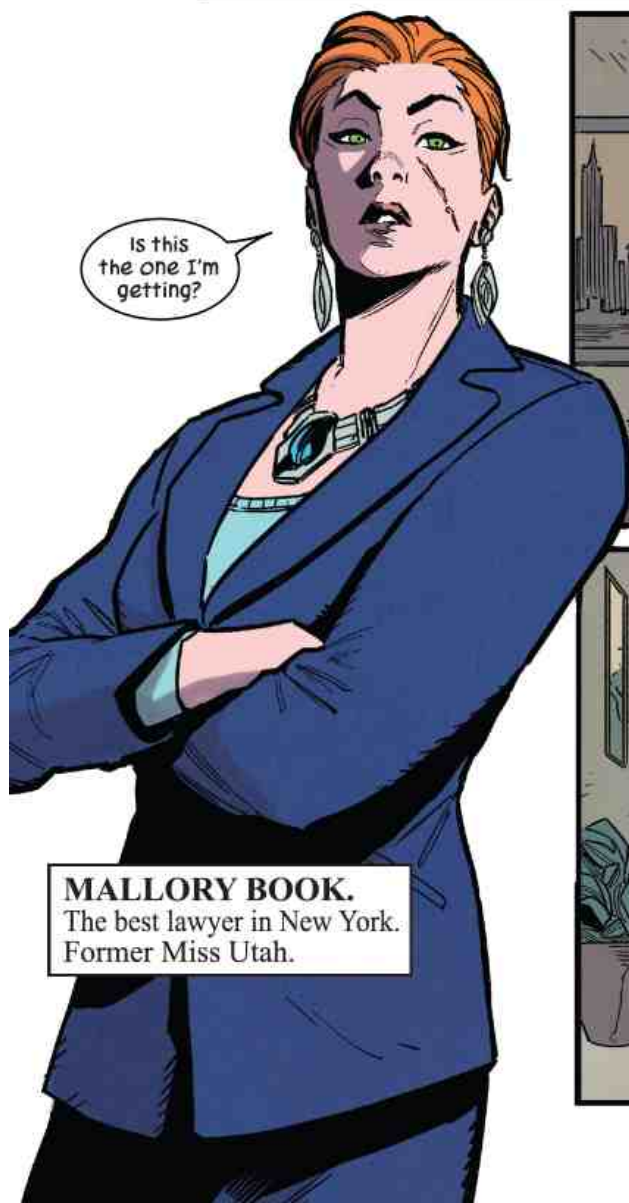


Just remember-- it's a job. You need a job.



You're late.

I know, sorry--



Is this the one I'm getting?

MALLORY BOOK.
The best lawyer in New York.
Former Miss Utah.



What does that mean?

The mousey one.

Until I can afford a new suit, yes.

It depends on my mood.



=Sigh=

Fine.

Come on, I'll show you your office.



I wasn't planning on bringing on another attorney...

I know. I really appreciate--



Don't.

Don't appreciate it.

I'm not doing you any favors, Walters. This is the only way I could guarantee that I wouldn't have to face you in court.



And this isn't like all those cushy law jobs you've had before!

There are no **staff perks** here. No expense accounts. I don't bring in bagels for meetings.

BYOB. Got it.

I have one part-time assistant, and we'll share him.

No problem. I don't even have any clients.



Yeah, get right on that.

Seriously, Mal--thank you for doing this.



Remember our agreement?

Yeah. "NO--"

Right. Let's add "never thank me again" to that list. Can we do that?

You're the boss.

That, I like to hear.



JANET VAN DYNE, WASP.
Former everything, current everything.
An icon.

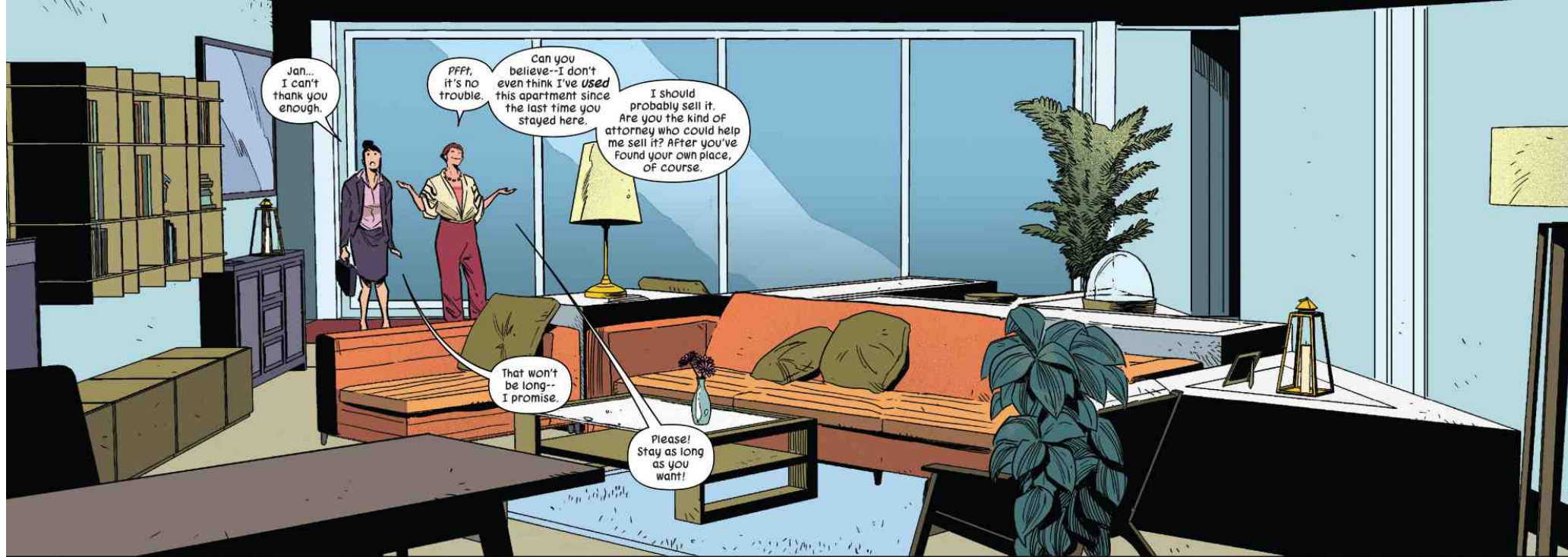


Look at you! What a sight for sore eyes! Why aren't you green? You're not stuck this way, are you?

No, I'm--

Where are your bags? Are they coming over later? We can send for them.

Well, I--









CRASH!



**JONATHAN HART,
JACK OF HEARTS.**
Formerly dead.



NEXT



ISSUE №2

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